

Omen Fresh

Piss

Fuck You - Don't Call Again

The only publication that
tips you.

Here's your tip:
Leave us the hell alone.

c o n t e n t s

Become Entertained.....	page 4	I'll Bite Nads.....	page 16
Another Upski.....	page 5	Taste More Like Homemade.....	page 18
Balls in the House.....	page 11	This Article has Balls.....	page 19
Labia! Labia! Labia!.....	page 14	No Sweat off my Sac.....	page 22
Microwave Pop-In			
Bustin' your Balls.....	page 4	Bite my Crank.....	page 10
Munch my Snatch.....	page 6	Dial "B" for Balls.....	page 12
Ir Hat Keine Schwantz.....	page 7	Hairy, Meaty, Baggy Balls.....	page 15
Butt Munch Bingo.....	page 8	Tea Bagging Balls.....	page 23
Big Black Dicks with Pearly White Cum.....	page 9	Rick and Clitoris.....	page 24

The Omen

Volume 12, Number 3
February 26, 1999

Editors and Staff

Michelle Beach.....	Piss Hell Bitch
Jacob Chabot.....	Jacob Chabutt (Heh heh)
Mat Lauritsen.....	Fat Clitoris
Mark Hugo.....	Fart Hard On
Jason Wilder Konschak.....	Chase Some Wild Cunt
Michael Pierce.....	Hymen Pierce
Jess VanScoy.....	Best Damn Score
Dave Killen.....	Shaved Willy
Wade Stuckwisch.....	Laid Stick Bush
Aemily Reshen.....	Labia Pushin'
Gareth Edel.....	Hareth Penis
Tyler Carey.....	Tickle Me Tyler
Gus Andrews.....	She's Our Bitch Now

Contributors

Caleb Chabot
Xan Kirsch
Jen Pena
Christie Veitch
Jane Zerby

"What? There's
no spontaneity in
Canada?"

- Dave Killen



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michael Pierce (G-112, box 916)**. If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Michelle Beach (B-304, x4472). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **non-partisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL

Students: Stupid or Lazy?

by Michelle Beach

Several of the highest administrative positions at Hampshire are currently, or will soon be, empty. There are currently searches being conducted for the Dean of Faculty, Director of Advancement (formerly, Director of Development), Treasurer, and Director of Human Resources.

These are all very important positions to the college and only recently were several other equally important positions filled, including many of the House Directors and the Director of Public Relations. **It seems strange to me that there is such a high turnover of positions all at once.**

I realize that people leave, moving on to better things. But when over four major positions in barely two semesters need to be filled, questions should be raised. It could all just be a coincidence or it could be more. If the campus had a real newspaper, with a real news staff (or even if I had a few extra hours) this has the potential to become a very interesting story.

A conversation with the people leaving the college about their experiences, why they are leaving, and about where they are going would make for a good news story — not in interview format, but more a profile,

an article describing what they do and what they are leaving for their replacement. Then, how about going a step further and finding out about the candidates. Who are they? Where do they come from? What will each add to the college?

The stories would be simple, easy to write and interesting. They would add something to the Hampshire community and be something worth archiving. Unfortunately, it seems that no one cares enough to do that.

If no one is interested in writing about these positions, how about at least joining the search committees? This is a chance for Hampshire students to really have a say in who fills the positions, but last I heard, there were no students on any of the committees. This may have changed, but even so, more are always welcome.

If you are interested in writing a news story about this, contact the current holder of the position, say you are writing a story for one of Hampshire's fine publications (I don't care which) and request an interview. Then, during the interview, ask for others you should talk to and how to find out more about the candidates. Talk to those people briefly. Finally, sit down, write something up, and submit it to a very grateful publication.

Or, if you are just interested in joining a search committee, talk

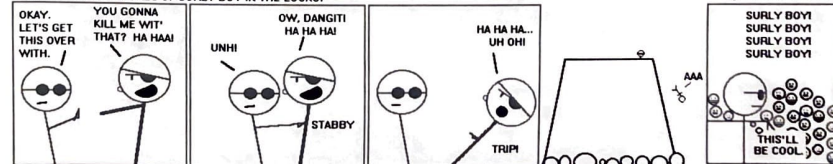
with the Dean of Student Affairs, Bob Sanborn, to find out what you need to do.

Hampshire students say they want to be involved. They say they are never told about what's going on. While this is partially true, Hampshire is lacking in good communication, there is something to be said for students not taking the initiative to find things out for themselves.

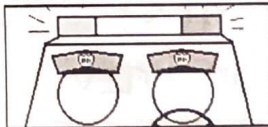
So, what can be done? For starters, how about writing these articles? After that, how about making a few short phone calls to important people at Hampshire and explaining that you are looking to create a list of potential news articles and wanted to speak with someone in the office about generating some topics. Now you will know what several different people on campus feel is important, have made some great contacts to keep you up to date, and can begin to write your next article. Or better yet, if you can generate some help, you can pass on important topics to others and generate several articles in a reasonable period of time, submit them for publication, and Hampshire may actually have the beginnings of a newspaper.

It's not that hard. Just stop writing about yourselves for a while — save that for your Division II retrospective — and try writing something newsworthy.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY IN THE LOCKUP



by Jacob Chabot



POLICE LOG!

February 2–February 15

Traffic

Feb. 2, 18:30: Back Gate. Speeding violation — operator spoken to
Feb. 3, 19:49: Merrill/Dakin. Speeding violation — operator spoken to
Feb. 12, 20:15: Dakin. Speeding violation — operator spoken to

Drug Abuse

Feb. 10, 13:43: Enfield. Situation referred to Dean's office

Tow (not finger)

Feb. 3, 05:45: Greenwich. Vehicle towed from fire lane
Feb. 8, 08:20: FPH F/S. Lot car towed from lot — on tow list
Feb. 8, 08:24: FPH F/S. Lot car towed from lot — on tow list
Feb. 8, 10:12: Prescott F/S. Lot car towed from lot — on tow list
Feb. 14, 06:51: FPH. Vehicle towed from FPH F/S lot — on tow list
Feb. 14, 07:31: FPH. Vehicle towed from FPH F/S lot — on tow list
Feb. 14, 08:06: Prescott. Vehicle towed from Prescott F/S — on tow list

Disturbance

Feb. 5, 00:45: Merrill. Noise complaint re B
Feb. 5, 02:20: Merrill. Noise complaint re B-3

Feb. 7, 03:00: Merrill. Noise complaint re C-1
Feb. 11, 01:40: Dakin. Report of glass being broken — unable to locate
Feb. 12, 00:30: Enfield illegal fire extinguished
Feb. 12, 02:10: Enfield. Student being disorderly
Feb. 12, 02:40: Merrill. Noise complaint re B-3

Animals

Feb. 5, 00:12: Greenwich. Complaint re barking dog

Intrusion Alarm

Feb. 5, 05:18: Film and Photo. Accidental
Feb. 9, 09:18: Film and Photo. Accidental

Fire Alarm

Feb. 5, 12:33: Prescott. Cooking smoke in 95
Feb. 12, 08:32: Prescott. Cooking smoke in 99

Larceny

Feb. 5, 21:55: FPH. Amplifier reported stolen
Feb. 7, 16:15: Merrill. Food bag reported stolen
Feb. 9, 17:30: Library. Wallet reported

stolen
Feb. 10, 11:00: Attempted Larceny. Arts Barn speaker wire cut

Unwanted Persons

Feb. 11, 11:00: Enfield complaint re: non-student
Feb. 12, 19:59: Merrill. Possible unwanted person — no contact
Feb. 14, 19:15: Suspicious. Person at Merrill

Parking

Feb. 4, 17:06: Prescott. Boot removed from vehicle — had not been registered
Feb. 12, 11:55: Merrill/Dakin. Vehicle on lawn booted

Sex Offense

Feb. 13, 20:30: Merrill. Third party report of possible sexual assault

Vandalism

Feb. 14, 07:41: Music and Dance building. Problem with the dance floor in 99

Other Offenses

Feb. 10, 13:44: Enfield. Illegal fireworks confiscated
Feb. 10, 13:45: Enfield. Unauthorized use — Enfield furniture removed from Merrill returned



Work for the College and PAY!



by Christie Veitch

TWhom it may concern (read: any student interested in taking the job of orientation coordinator):

My name is Christie Veitch and I was last summer's Orientation Coordinator. I took this job for many reasons. All the obvious ones: good experience, leadership opportunity, looks good on my resume, needed money, etc. I took the job because, as it was described to me, it was an exact match for what I am capable of doing well. I took the job because I thought it was my opportunity to help significantly shape New Student Orientation for the fall of 1998.

Well, there are different stories I could tell at this point. I could tell y'all the "I was a better person for all of the challenges I faced" story. I could tell you the "I am a bitter older student and this experience only served to make me hate the way this school does things" version. I could tell you the "I did all of the work and got little to no return" story. I COULD say all of those things without straying too far from how I feel, but at the core of it, how I feel is all of these things and still more. And the truth of the story is that I worked very hard at this job, I was very good at it, and I am not sorry I did it. Still, I wouldn't wish it on anyone else. I think this position was poorly defined from the start and that I worked well within that situation but that regardless of whatever my successes were, this is an inappropriate job to ask students to do. At least the way the job is structured now (which, for anyone who is wondering, is the exact same way the job was structured last year).

I urge you all to read the job description. Supervising 2-3 orientation groups, planning and implementing

evening and social programs, in charge of producing the final orientation schedule, clerical work in Denise Conti's office throughout the summer, participation in weekly orientation planning meetings, etc., etc. And that's just during the planning stages (spring and summer). When orientation actually comes, this coordinator must "ensure logistics are in place, support on-campus trips, coordinate some evening programs, participate in on-duty rotation during the day, and be on-hand for the duration of orientation, including the evenings." It doesn't sound like all that much does it? I didn't think so either. I thought to myself "I can do all of this! I have all these skills! This is a totally great way to get student input and effort into orientation!"

I was right. I could and did do all of those things. I was good at all of them; I was thorough, timely, organized, motivated. Rah, Rah, Rah. The problem is, I had to do way more than that in order to keep things going and to please my employers. **I had to put up with politics and power plays that were undesirable at best and filthy disgusting at worst.** I had to work harder, longer hours than anyone else was asked to work and I had to work it at a worse wage than I would have made washing windows for Physical Plant, while others who were taking on the same or similar professional responsibilities had decent pay. Most of all, I was asked to take on professional responsibility, but I was not given a level of respect that equaled the amount of responsibility I was taking on, much less the amount of work I was doing.

Before I delve into the nitty-

gritty of all this, I want to make one thing clear. With the exception of two individuals (one a staff member, the other an administrator), every person I worked with on orientation was nothing short of wonderful. I loved working with Denise Conti, Bob Garmirian, and everyone I worked with in the Leadership Center in particular. I want to be careful in writing this because it is not my intent to villainize as a whole the staff, faculty and administrators that work on Orientation. The faults of this job, though they may be illustrated through the actions of some of these people, are not ABOUT the people that work on orientation. The faults of this job are in its design.

Scenario One: I was hired and immediately asked to come up with some new and innovative ideas for the Parents Program that Hampshire holds on the first day of Orientation. I was told specifically to steer away from anything that would result in any of the sessions being only a straight Q&A since that had been tried with little success in the past. I asked different Orientation Staff (where "Orientation Staff" means "staff at Hampshire that work on Orientation." Hampshire has no adult-type professional staff that JUST work on orientation. It's important that you all note that) for their brainstorming. They told me that all of the feedback they had gotten from parents had something to do with hands-on. So, the first thing we decided was to have four different workshops.

OK. The next thing we decided was that I would be in charge of coming up with a workshop devoted to helping parents understand the resources their students have in Student Affairs here at Hampshire. I came up with a model that, needless to say, reduced the straight Q&A component and added an innova-

continued on page 20

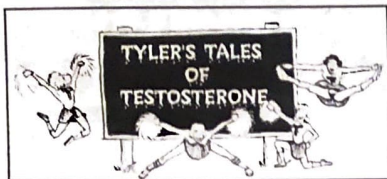
Entertainment Internship Program

by Jane Zerby

If you are interested in or have experience with film, video, radio, music, or television and would like an opportunity to work with Hampshire alumni in the entertainment industry this summer, the 1999 Entertainment Industry Internship Program is exactly what you are looking for. The internships include production assistance, adminis-

tration and development, marketing, and script writing. There are a range of fields in which the alumni work, such as documentary, alternative and independent media, music, and casting and talent agencies. Internships are available all over the country including New York, Washington D.C., Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Boston, and Nashville. **For more info, contact Jane Zerby at CORC at x5520.**





by Tyler Carey, *Certified Bartender*
Go to the Bar. Drink. Go home. Go to the bar. Drink. Go home. There had to be something different for me to do with my nights on Long Island. During the nights that I was home recently, I either was hanging out with Must See TV, getting hammered with old friends, or going to the local bar and watching ESPN while nursing a beer. I had to pull off one night without falling into those ruts. One night. I could do it.

I slowly drove through late-night Huntington, one of the few Nassau County towns that doesn't roll up its sidewalks at seven p.m. on a weeknight. **Filled with boutiques, classy pubs and coffee-bars, it's a welcome oasis amidst the pavement and strip-malls of Long Island, the place the 1950s never forgot.**

The new Starbucks in town was a surprising sight. Granted, I hadn't hung out here since high school, so change was to be expected. Pulling behind a few buildings, I parked and tried to find the coffee-bar my brother and I had hung out in nearly ten years ago. "Basement Bohemia" was a terrible name for what seemed like the coolest place on earth when I was twelve. Bob Dylan tunes were piped into this basement of a pizzeria, which served espresso and a concoction called cappuccino which tasted even better than those

Page 6 volume 12 number 3

Seventeen Cents

Nescafé drinks my mother had at home. The stoned anachronistic hipsters of Hofstra University would meet there to play chess and talk about music and philosophy. This was a mecca to a young teen who'd not yet developed cynicism about the quality of the coffee or the legitimacy of those beatniks.

My high school hangout was entirely different, though, when I found it. Most obviously, it had been moved above ground, replacing the pizzeria. The inside was massively different. Gone were the tiny tables, chessboards and bookshelves filled with crumbling paperbacks. Instead, overly soft velour couches and armchairs were placed around low-standing coffee tables. Man, it looked like Central Perk on *Friends*.

"Coffee, not whisky," I said to myself.

The waitress walked up to me. "How many?"

"Just one."

"Oh." She frowned at me and sat all of the people in line behind me before hastily ushering me to the only unupholstered chair in the house. Right next to the kitchen. What was I? The beggar in some Depression Era film, trying to steal a meal from a restaurant?

My copy of William S. Burroughs' *Junky* kept me occupied while I awaited my chunky waitress' return. After twenty minutes, she stormed over, asking "Whattya want?"

"Do you have herbal tea?"

She pointed to a small sign on the wall that I had missed.

"Oh. I'll have the Orange Blossom, please. With some honey."

"Ha!" she said, and waddled off. I wasn't sure what that meant.

Ten minutes later, she slammed a pint mug of tepid water in front of me, and tossed a tea bag onto the table from her apron. After she split, I realized that "Ha!" meant, "No honey."

This sucked. Pardon the cliché, but just when things couldn't get any worse, a Winona-look-alike took the stage, her Dreadnought guitar in hand. The PA system shrieked and feeded back as she said, "Hullooooo," and ripped into a rockabilly rendition of a Temptations song.

I had to get out. I pulled three bucks out of my wallet, walked over to the waitress and handed it to her. "Thanks," I mumbled and walked off.

Winona was wrapping up her song. I was almost to the door. Then I heard the waitress say, "Sir! Wait right there!" It couldn't be me she was talking to. Keep walking. Get the Fuck out. "Stop sir! Or I'll call the POLICE!"

Fearing vigilante justice from the mammoth, I turned. "What!?" I hissed.

The waitress waved a chubby digit at me. "You short-changed me."

"More than three bucks for a lousy cup of tea?" I asked. Our exchange was attracting the attention of all the crew-cut Middle-Amurrican patrons, now that Winona had finished her song.

"Yes, sir. There is a cover charge for the entertainment tonight."

You gotta be kidding me. Frikkin' beast. I had to get out, though. Even Winona was now watching with the sort of attention one pays to an espe-

continued on next page

Son of Chicken Lady

by Dave Killen

AMHERST, MA - The ongoing attempts to endow Hampshire College with a legitimate newspaper continue to flounder, sources within the school said Friday, after having seen the second issue of the latest incarnation of the *Forward*, Hampshire's ostensibly official newspaper. The arrival of new editor Peter Kowalke, with his pompous and pretentious use of not only his position as managing editor, but also the English language itself, seems not to have improved the school's perception of his publication. In fact, with almost no prodding, it became obvious that members of the Hampshire community have few reservations about letting their opinions on the *Forward*, and Mr. Kowalke himself, be known.

"It's a mish-mosh of nonsense," said third year student Matt Kuriloff, vocalizing a point of view difficult to argue against. **The Forward is a venue where, it would seem, sense is truly a non-issue.** Not only does Kowalke's *Forward* struggle with the same problem that plagued previous versions—namely the staggering lack of actual news on this campus, and the refusal to admit this—it compounds its situation by adopting a condescendingly childish format and a blissfully ignorant tone. All of this can result only in an unreadability and pointlessness that is rivaled by most students' Natural Science Division I's. The *Forward* does indeed resemble a random compilation of text, photos, and newsprint; likely similar to something those monkeys at typewriters came up with a few weeks before they wrote the Shakespeare play.

While the experience of reading the *Forward* has never been a rewarding one, under the reign of Kowalke it has crossed the line from neutrality to the realm of the thoroughly unpleasant. "Peter is the reason there's no cure for cancer," said *Omen* staffer Michael Pierce, in what is perhaps an overstatement but a valid opinion nonetheless. "Peter

continued from previous page

is a hairy asshole. cially brutal car accident. "Fine. How much do I owe you?"

"Seventeen cents," she said in calm rapture.

"Seventeen cents."

"Yes, sir." She turned her proud smile towards her co-workers, who looked back at her as if she were

a hairy asshole.

"You mean," I said, "You've disrupted your establishment and humiliated yourself over seventeen cents? Fine." I reached in my pocket. "Can you break a quarter?" Her face fell. People were staring and giggling at her, not me. "Tell you what," I said, "Keep the eight cents change. It's your tip."

SHAKEN, not STIRRED

Kowalke scares me," added "Mighty" Mat Lauritsen, "and I once wrestled Paul Boyer." "He's a *Kids in the Hall* skit gone wrong," analogized Mark Hugo, "either the son of the Chicken Lady, or Gavin grown up." When questioned about whether or not he would actually like that printed, Hugo added, "He's not gonna know. He's not that smart." Regardless of their ideas of Kowalke's medical research implications or possible biological originations, one sentiment remained constant—at present, the *Forward* is worse than ever.

Another source of aggravation to at least one member of the Hampshire community is Kowalke's status as a first-year student. "Like I'm gonna stand for some freakish first-year telling what I can and can't review," seethed an obviously upset John O'Brien, a former *Forward* film critic, "especially one who writes like a British socialite with a stick up his ass." O'Brien isn't the only one to have challenged Kowalke's qualifications—another former *Forward* staffer, Gus Andrews, is obviously unhappy with the direction her former publication has fallen under. Asked to comment on Kowalke, she could only manage, "He looks like Nixon," before being overcome with emotion and having to leave the room. While most students do not seem to be affected with quite the severity of O'Brien and Andrews, the general idea of a campus newspaper, however insignificant, being run by a student with less than one year of experience with said campus seemed to be widely thought of as ridiculous.

The one area where the *Forward* has noticeably improved is in both its use of and quality of the pictures taken by its photographers. Still, even the thousand words provided by each of them are not enough to offset the unfortunate prose of Kowalke and company. It is not accurate to say that the *Forward* is bad, or for that matter, that the *Omen* is good—neither of these is absolutely true. What is accurate is to say that the *Forward* is useless. It always has been. The recent addition of annoyance to this uselessness, however, may be what finally breaks it.

As I was walking out, Winona broke the silence. "Ah'd like to play a Santanny song fer yew..." and she broke into "Black Magic Woman."

Screw the nouveau-Bohemianism. The biker bar I had passed on the turnpike was looking pretty good.



by Jason Wilder Konschak

Romeo is dead. We, the species, lurk in the blue of night. We, the species, lurk, because we've accomplished next to nothing here on Earth. We've scared off God, disappointed the Space Aliens, and poisoned the honest, hard-working critters. We, the species, are lame-ohs.

We forsake the day and worship the night, not because the moon's cool, or Juliet was right, but because hiding our shame means more than a fig leaf now. It means making half the planet scarce: the half covered with cars, smog, garbage, asphalt, people poo poo, and us.

So when you ask, "What are humans good for, Doc?"

I say, "Erg, sucka." I say, "Erg." I know as much about the value of we, as about the rules of Snooker.

Snooker? I assume it requires some balls. Also, I assume it does not require a penguin. Thus, the penguin does not need to be named Goober. And the value of we? I assume it requires some balls, too. Also, I assume it must be unique to us. So scratch my first instinct: hamsters make sweet-love, too. And fuck love, hippie. It's a cliché anyway.

Sure, sure: the best chance we've got lies in the arts and sciences. Pyramids, $E=mc^2$, the starched flag on the moon, democracy, jazz, our genes all get names, psychology, language, artificial intelligence, philosophy, Oodles of Noodles, wheels, Quantum Mechanics, Beethoven's 9th, the

Superbowl, and ETC. We have shitloads of ETC when it comes to art and science.

Alas, guess what's true about the best of both. Bach is noise. Escher is wallpaper. Math is to reality, as your phone-number is to the color of your hat. And I've never seen a dog impressed by any of it. They don't give a tinker's cuss about our games with sound, color, or numbers. Thus, as my Physics Professor would say, "Fuck that shit, man." That shit can all go fart in a beehive.

So, in the end, what have we accomplished? What is impressive? If the aliens came to vacuum us up tomorrow, what would we have to show them, to prove that we deserve to keep crapping in their garden?

I'll tell you what, pal. We've got just one thing. And that's juggling.

I shit thee not! Juggling is the greatest achievement that we've ever known, and the only impressive thing we've ever figured out how to do, and all by ourselves. So if there's anything I can put my beliefs behind, it's this: the rest of the human comedy is bland, but juggling makes it all shine like a spit-polished supernova.

I can only speak with this confidence because I've studied juggling at the atomic level. And it's simply incredible. Do the math. There are only two hands involved, but there are three objects, or more. Yet, nothing falls on the floor. It's clearly beyond human thought. In

To Infinity and Beyond

short, to understand juggling is to understand the infinite nature of our ability to understand.

My best going theory is this. While holding two of the masses, the juggler somehow takes advantage of the localized curvature of time-space, and throws the extra mass into extra-dimensional space. There, it resides in a strange 5th dimension until the juggler summons it back into reality.

That, my friend, is far out.

To continue my investigation, I built a humble juggling machine, called the Jugglatron. By imitating the actions of famed circus performers, it was capable of juggling two concrete balls, along with a small pod. The Jugglatron was 230 feet tall. The pod was from 2001: A Space Odyssey. I sat inside it, and was juggled.

I will say only this: being launched beyond the infinite, into that frightening alternate dimension, through the great barrier that no human has ever crossed, wasn't as impressive as watching Bobo the Clown juggle six live fish. All considered, the other dimension was boring. It was pretty much the same as this one, except that everything was shifted 3 inches to the left. All of my photos came out off-center.

Nevertheless, the truth remains the same. Juggling is all we have to show for ourselves, when all is said and done. And if I have to believe in a God, I'll believe in one of those Vedic Hindu gods with the 12 arms. They can juggle a hell of a lot more fish than Jesus can.

Smartest Kid at Hampshire

by Mathew Lauritsen

The Hampshire Attitude: the impression that one could revolutionize every mode of the modern intellect if only *The Simpsons* weren't on television four times every day. Or if there were not so many onions in every dish at the D.C.. Or if there were some means by which one could see the work of one's peers so that it could be adequately mocked and disrespected.

As an intellectual community in which every third student is the "wanna-be" genius of the era, it seems as though there would be a forum in which the best and most interesting work of the Hampshire theorists and philosophers could be presented. And considering that neither the Forward nor the Omen can be taken seriously, this campus is begging for a publication that does our supposedly radically brilliant minds justice. This college, if it is to at all live up to the standard its creators had in mind, needs an academic journal.

Nearly every kid at Hampshire has stored within him or herself an argument for his or her being the smartest kid in the valley. The academic journal representing Hampshire College should reflect not only

the idealism of the student body, but also this extraordinary arrogance.

Hampshire College, according to its literature, is not a competitive place. This, I assume, is a ploy to lure the rich, pseudo-hippie, untalented portion of our student body to enroll. At traditional schools, students can compete with one another for better grades; because an "A" is clearly better than a "B," one student can quantitatively feel superior to another. If the Hampshire brass had the good sense to encourage a little killer intellectual spirit, students might realize not only that they might be fools, but also that they are being made fools by their less foolish peers. **It is only when a fool feels his foolishness that he attempts to remedy his foolery.**

An academic journal will either show the other four schools who is who in the valley, or it will expose Hampshire's radical departure for what it really is; not a collection of remarkable, uninhibited intellects, but rather a springboard for the exceptionally talented

"lone-gunman" sort of thinker.

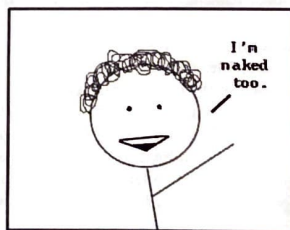
Professors would select the best work they encounter through the course of a semester, and, once having attained student permission, would submit it to the journal staff. The editors would then print all or a selected portion of the work in a handsome, traditionally bound volume. (A book is more respected when published within a respectable cover.)

Once distributed, students would ask themselves, "Sheesh, why am I not published in that thing?" Other students would say, "Gad dum hoot! I are a top dog, yee-hah!" Still others would exclaim, "On my mother good name, I swear that in my four (yes, just four) years at this fine institution, my work WILL find its way into immortality." One Hampster will look upon another with jealousy not because one managed to luck their way into a loft in Prescott by their second semester, but because one has been acknowledged as having contributed to intellectual richness in the world. If you wish to become involved in this process, call extension 4873. If you wish to discourage this project because of its reliance upon vanity and a "better than y'all" mentality, please call extension 4873, at your own risk.



CHUCK

by Caleb Chabot





by Wade Stuckwisch

Well, it's too bad I didn't see any movies in the last two weeks. But that's OK, because now I can bitch about the Oscars.

Now, before I bitch about this year's lousy taste in Oscar nominations, I'd like to name my "Oscar Ripoff Of The Year." This is where, every year, I pick one movie that got completely ass-raped by the Oscar committee. Now, I have to admit that pretty much all of the great movies I saw this year were the kind of thing that would never get Oscar nominations. Let's see... *Your Friends and Neighbors*, *Slums of Beverly Hills*, *Whatever*, *The Opposite of Sex*, *Happiness*... nope. Too small, too edgy. There were other Hollywood films that I was surprised didn't get the nod for Best Picture, like (and I admit it) *The Truman Show*, *Bullworth*, and (even though it was a damn dirty hippie movie) *Pleasantville*. But how could the Oscar committee overlook a brilliant little film we like to call... **THE BIG LEBOWSKI**? C'mon, if a half-assed Cohen Bros. movie like *Fargo* can get nominated, how could they snub *The Dude*? Pathetic.

The other thing I love about the Oscars is that they're so predictable. The only thing new to happen in the Oscars this year, as far as I can tell, is the new phenomenon I can only refer to simply as "the indie star vehicle." These are small, independent ("art house," if you will) films whose

The Dude Got Robbed

stars get nominated for Best Actor or Actress. I blame Robert Duvall and *The Prophet* for this. And

what was that Peter Fonda vehicle? Ehh, who cares... Anyway, this year suddenly has a whole slew of marginally good indie flicks with nominated stars. There's Nick Nolte for *Affliction*, Edward Norton for *American History X* (you know how I feel about that movie), Meryl Streep for *One True Thing*... I suppose that I should admit that I didn't see *Affliction* or *One True Thing*, but I'm pretty sure that these Hollywood hotheads don't need the extra nominations that could have gone to... say... really good performances in indie movies by non-stars? **Some of the Best Actor/Actress/Supporting nominations fall better into the category of "Indie Movies We Feel Sorry For"** (like Billy Bob Thornton in the superb *A Simple Plan*), but I think if big Hollywood actors are going to fund indie films just to get decent roles, they should give up and retire.

The last thing I love about the Oscars is how predictable they are. Any idiot who doesn't live under a rock can get at least, say, 50% of the Oscars right. This year there's no *Titanic*, so I'm sure I can't be 100% accurate, but I'm now going to venture some Oscar guesses (with explanations) and we'll see if I'm an idiot. I'd also like to say—especially if I'm right about these

guesses—that I haven't even seen half the movies nominated.

Best Picture: *The Thin Red Line* because Terrence Malick is old and the Academy hates Steven Spielberg, costume dramas, romantic comedies, and foreigners.

Best Director: Hmm, an actual tough category to call. Probably Terrence Malick, but I give Roberto Benigni or Peter Weir a chance as underdogs.

Best Actor: Roberto Benigni, unless he gets "Best Director," in which case it'll be Tom Hanks.

Best Actress: Gwyneth Paltrow. Wild guess. Basically, only because *Shakespeare in Love* got so many nominations and Helen Hunt won last year. C'mon, as if Hollywood cares if women can act.

Best Supporting Actor: Billy Bob Thornton, because *A Simple Plan* got ripped for "Best Picture," and so did *Sling Blade* a couple years ago.

Best Supporting Actress: I have no clue, but I'd like to see Kathy Bates get it just because she's not thin or attractive.

Best Screenplay—Adapted: Tough. I'll go with *The Thin Red Line*.

Best Screenplay—Original: *Shakespeare in Love*, because it's Tom Stoppard, for chrissakes! (And like I said, it got 13 nominations...)

Best Foreign Film: Are you kidding? *Life is Beautiful* is a shoo-in. **Best Animated Feature:** Oh wait, there is no "Best Animated Feature" category. How sad, since most of the good Hollywood movies I saw this year were all animated family features...

As for the others, who
continued on the next page

Monkey Mayhem

by Michelle Beach

Soon, stuffed in every mailbox will be room choosing guide lines. Instead of just glancing at them and tossing them away or burying them under a pile of papers, you should read them. There have been many changes made this semester, changes that could greatly effect your housing situation if you do not plan accordingly.

If you live in the mods, be very careful who you include on your combine and squat form. If your mod loses quorum after the combine and squat deadline, for any reason, no one living in that mod will be able to remain there the following semester and the mod will be put up for lottery.

So, say you live in a ten person mod. Six people sign the combine and squat form, but one person decides not to return to Hampshire. This person caused the mod to lose quorum and because quorum was lost, the other residents will not be able to combine and squat in that mod the following semester. However, there are ways to prevent this from occurring. Good communication is probably the most important. If someone is unsure of their plans, don't let them sign the form. Also, if you are in a ten person mod and can get eight signatures on the combine and squat

continued from the previous page

cares? "Best Costumes" will go to a costume drama, all the other technical categories will go to whatever wins "Best Picture" (probably *The Thin Red Line*), "Best Song" will go to the song that sold the most copies and no one cares about either "Best Short Film" or "Best Documentary" category. So, what are the main lessons we've learned from the Oscars? Let's review. First, Hollywood is predictable. Second, Hollywood

form, then three people have to drop away before the mod is lost.

Policy relating to "single-doubles" is the other important change that has been implemented for this housing cycle. **Signing up for single-doubles is considered illegal and may jeopardize your housing situation.** If you sign up for a single double, you may be given a roommate or you may be moved.

At the beginning of every fall semester, every bed at Hampshire is full. There is no room for people to live in single doubles. It is unfair to place new students in doubles with "bitter older students." The living situation is uncomfortable for both parties and not a fair way to make someone begin or end their time at Hampshire.

If you end up in a single double and have to be moved to make room for two other students, everything possible will be done to assure you are moved into a similar living situation. You will not be moved from a single-double in one mod to a double in another. However, you may be moved into a single in another mod with similar

makes about two good movies a year and the Academy knows it. Third, the truly good movies will never win. Class dismissed.

NEXT ISSUE: Dammit, these movie reviews have become too legitimate for *The Omen*. Maybe I'll just make fun of *The Forward*. (Look, that's more news than *The Forward* has published all semester!)

As a side note, the Oscars will be on ABC on March 21, so we'll just see if I'm right.



designations.

Again, there are ways to avoid this. First and most simply, fill your doubles with people you know are not going to leave. If you are living in a double, make sure your roommate is not going to disappear in the middle of the summer. The second option is to simply leave your double open and be prepared for people to be input. If you do this, try to be nice to the new members. They have just as much of a right to live there as you do.

Make sure you plan accordingly when trying to house yourself. And don't forget to check out the returning from leave forms, available in the Housing Office, when inputting people into your mod. You never know, one of your good friends from years ago may be coming back and wouldn't that be better than imputing some stranger?

If you are interested in discussing any other housing issues—mod interviews, first year students in mods, cleanliness, clustering of designations, etc.—please contact Linda Mollison in the Housing Office to find out when the next Housing Advisory Committee meeting is.



by Michael "Benni" Pierce

Good evening Kiddies. Welcome back to the Yurt. It has been far too long since I saw you last, and it will be far too soon before you see me again. However, I must warn you to turn back now, for tonight's tale of gruesome horror takes place right here in the Yurt. And, of course, everyone knows how scary the Yurt can be if not properly taken care of.

I kid you not, my welcome guest, and if you still want to hear this tale of grisly sin and hideous complexes, then read on. Tonight's bloodbathed story is entitled, "The Waffle King."

"Many years ago, there lived a man. He was an ordinary man, roughly your size, your weight, and your attitude. However, he differed in one way from all of us. This man, whose name happened to be Brendan, actually liked Hampshire College, and enjoyed being here.

"Of course, everyone knew Brendan, and felt contempt for the poor man who actually liked to be on the campus of such a poor, two-bit art school such as Hampshire. They all knew that his favorite time of the week was Sunday morning, when there was nothing but sausages and waffles to eat at Saga.

"Brendan was entering his

second semester when he got involved with an 'Anti-Petrarchan' poetry group on campus. It was not a very popular club, but its members were loyal and came to every meeting. Every week, at 6 PM, they would meet in the Yurt.

"Brendan's popularity did not go up over that semester. In fact, other than the poetry group, he had no friends at all. He would stay in his room most of the time, enjoying what Hampshire had to offer. Of course, he did come out during every lunch and every dinner to eat. He loved to eat. He loved to eat waffles. And everybody knew it.

"As winter continued to erode the bodies and the minds of the students more and more, Brendan went out to buy a new jacket with the money he had made by selling his autographed Prince *Purple Rain* album. It didn't sell for much, considering the fact that there was no Prince anymore, but it gave him enough to buy just about any jacket he could want ... in K-Mart.

"As he walked to the Hampshire Mall, Brendan came across a small specialty shop off to the side of the road. He had never seen it before. Looking it over, he noticed a new coat in the front window. Feeling that maybe he could strike a deal with the owner for the coat, Brendan decided to enter 'Superunknowns.'

"At first, the room seemed completely dark. However, as his eyes adjusted to the light, he noticed three small candles around an old cash register, and sign that read, 'Do

not read this.' Looking away immediately, Brendan went to the window to search for the coat. Just like the one he saw when he looked in from the outside, there it was — a grey coat. It seemed a bit musty, but he picked it up anyway. This is when he realized that it was not actually a coat, but a cloak.

"Do you like that cloak? It's from the war." Brendan suddenly turned to see a man, very much resembling a rag doll, sitting near the register.

"Which war would that be, sir?" he asked, still gripping the cloak tightly. 'Why ... World War II of course. Don't you know anything about history?' A bead of sweat appeared on Brendan's forehead. He wasn't expecting a quiz. He just wanted to buy the cloak.

"Yes sir. But I didn't know that this cloak ... is it for sale?"

"Yes ... but I don't know if you are the buyer it is looking for."

"What do you mean?" Brendan asked, slightly accusing the cloak for being so judgmental.

"Well, you see, this cloak has a long history. It has gone through forty men to get here—forty strong men who wanted a cloak as well. I had to kill the last man to get it. He no longer needed it, and made fun of me because I could not get it. I stabbed him, again, and again. Then, the cloak was mine."

"I ... I don't understand."

The man's brow furled slightly, and he sighed. The boy did not understand that this cloak was special. It was not to be worn by anyone who did not deserve it.

The Waffle King

Part One: The Cloak

"Maybe you will understand this. The cloak is not for sale. Please return it to the window. Good day." Brendan jumped back, startled by the man's testimony and then his apparent refusal to let him purchase the cloak.

"Please sir. Let me buy the cloak. I will make a fine wearer for it. I swear. I swear ..."

"You, you small insolent piece of shit, are wasting my time. Why would your oath mean anything to me? I have a store to run — please leave."

"I won't leave without this cloak. You can accept my money or not, but I am leaving with this cloak on." The old man, now startled as well, began to scramble towards the boy, out from behind the counter. Brendan didn't know what to do, and in a panic, threw the cloak on. It was heavy and worn, but it fit him perfectly.

"You sunavabitch—I'll tear your balls off for wearing my cloak!" croaked the old man as he shuffled within an arm's length of Brendan. He reached out for the cloak, and with iron-like claws, grabbed onto the grey fabric.

"Let go old man! You will tear it! Do not tear the cloak!" And then, in a fit of rage, Brendan pushed the man away. He stumbled backwards, and toppled onto a pile of old army supplies with a groan. The crash was soundless, but it left Brendan stunned. In anticipation of another attack, Brendan picked up an old hardcover book (entitled *The Fellowship of the Ring*) off the ground to be used as a projectile.

"However, the old man did not rise again. Brendan slowly approached the body, and saw that the man was hardly breathing at all. At first, he thought that maybe he had had a heart attack, but as he rolled the heavy body over, he saw that the old man had fallen

into an old army dagger. He was dying, soon to be dead. Brendan, terrified at what he had done, rushed from the shop. He could not help that man. No one could. He ran back to the college as fast as his feet allowed him to.

"When he arrived at his room, the sun had completely fallen below the horizon, and it was time for dinner. Continuing to wear the cloak, Brendan walked to Saga. He blocked out what had just happened from his mind. *The man was old ... he was going to die soon anyway ... what did it matter now?*

"Suddenly, Brendan remembered that it was Tuesday night. He was already late for the meeting with the 'Anti-Petrarchan' poetry group. He would have to grab something fast to eat and run over.

Seeing no alternative, Brendan put together a quick waffle and ran out of Saga at top speed.

"When he arrived at the Yurt, Brendan was surprised to see that nobody was there. He did not recall anything about the group not meeting this week, and looked for evidence that they had maybe moved or rescheduled for the night. However, there was no sign that they had ever been there. Brendan sat down, waited for a few more minutes while he finished eating his cold waffle, and then returned to his room.

"The next day it was raining. Brendan awoke in a cold sweat. He had relived yesterday in his dreams many times during the night. The image of the terrible man as he stumbled for the cloak would not leave Brendan's mind. The cloak may have been his now, but not without a steep price.

"Brendan would have gladly thrown out the cloak if it wasn't for the fact that he loved to wear it so much. He wore it anytime that he went outside — even on the sunny days. In Saga, Brendan had now reverted to only eating waffles, and as he made one everyday, people just stared at his in his huge grey cloak, his collar folded upwards in order to 'conceal his fear.'

"Five days passed. Brendan had forgotten all about Tuesday, and was now involved in making a waffle for lunch when a student of Hampshire College walked up to him. Brendan did not notice him until he uttered, 'Nice cloak you have there. Where'd you get it, the Salvation Army?'

"Brendan looked up, terrified, 'No ... I mean, it's none of your business. Leave me alone.' The student looked a little dismayed, but his smug smile soon returned to his face, 'Nice waffle you have there. Mind if I have some?' Brendan had just opened the waffle iron in order to remove his freshly made waffle when this student reached in and grabbed onto it. Brendan screamed, and in the same fit of anger that gripped him at 'Superunknowns,' he slammed the iron shut on the student's hand.

"The scream drew everybody's attention immediately. The student, in quite a bit of pain, ripped his hand out of the iron, leaving behind most of the skin that had been on it. He screamed again, and rushed into the kitchen. Brendan suddenly regained his senses, and found that everyone was looking at him unbelievably. He had no choice. He ran again. He ran from Saga, straight to the only place he knew he could be safe — the Yurt.

To Be Continued Next Week when the Waffle King truly realizes what the cloak holds in store for him.



Misinterpretation of a Canned Ham

by Jen Pena

My hallmate knows a gal. The gal dumped her incredible boyfriend to pursue a greater love... a cyber lesbian named "KFCThigs." They've never met. They've never seen each other. And before "KFCThigs," the gal was completely heterosexual. (Insert your own joke here.) This story got me thinking. Could it be that the key to endless love was in my modem? Maybe I've been looking for love in all the wrong places. **So, I decided to search AOL chat-rooms for my future husband.** (My screen name is Chopin24.)

You have just entered room "Romance - First Date"

Chopin24: Hi everyone.
BILLY43274: all french men are filthy faggots
Studly4242: ALL FRENCH MEN SUCK DICK
Trained MK: they have small dicks
Chopin24: I like the French. They're bitter.
Mike019: thank you chopin
DougDS23: what's going on in this room?
Chopin24: This room is all about dissing the French, homosexuals, and French Homosexuals, Doug.
Trained MK: and this is the romance room!
BILLY43274: I'm out. later smelly.
Mike019: later homo.
Chopin24: Anyway, I'm looking for an online relationship, is anyone interested?
heffFitz1: BOOGIE DO U HAVE LOTS OF BOOGIES
Trained MK: don't fall for his shit chopin

Chopin24: Who's shit?
Trained MK: mike's
Mike019: chopin, he is crazy man
Chopin24: Mike, who are you referring to?
Mike019: Trained MK
Trained MK: be nice mike
Chopin24: You two know each other, I take it?
Trained MK: no
Chopin24: are you gay French lovers?
Mike019: nope
Trained MK: mike is i'm not
Trained MK: hear that mike?
Chopin24: Look, I'm just trying to find my true love. LAY OFF!
Trained MK: Careful Mike, she is a vixen
Chopin24: Mike, Trained MK said that you had a small dick when you weren't looking.

Trained MK: chopin24 is a liar too
Chopin24: good good! You're fighting over me!!
Chopin24: keep it comin'!
Mike019: Trained MK are you gay or something man
Trained MK: are you kidding?? i'm an American.
Chopin24: alright, I'm movin' on. thanks anyway.
Nope, no romance here. Just a few guys who hated the French. I promptly entered a French chatroom because I felt obligated to tell them they were hated.

You have just entered room "France - Bonjour la France"
Chopin24: I just left a chatroom with two Gay French men about five minutes ago!
PORNOME: are there gay people in france?
PORNOME: I thought when we kill all the faggots in the states, will be non left?
Chopin24: Do you not like Gay

people, PORN?
PORNOME: no, i don't
Chopin24: Why's that?
PORNOME: cuz it not normal
Chopin24: What an eloquent argument, Porn! You're a Genius! And your grammar?! Perfection!
Chopin24: How could I NOT be a bigot and a hate-monger? You're just too cool!
Chopin24: I bet you get laid by the finest bitches! :)
PORNOME: i love lesbians though chopin
PORNOME: lol :~)
Chopin24: AND you're funny?! How DO you stay single??
WHAT THE FUCK? He's not French! If I wanted to fall in love, I'd have to take big risks. I moved on to the next chatroom with a plan.

You have just entered room "Romance - The Flirts Nook"

Chopin24: Hi everyone!
Krackhos1: i can never find hot strippers in illinois
Hardnox42: any hot guys want to chat
Chopin24: What do you people think of France?
Krackhos1: france blows
Chopin24: You know the average Frenchman only uses two bars of soap a year?!!
Chopin24: So... who wants to have sex?
Homchris: depends... how hairy are your pits
Krackhos1: me
KailuaDogg: i do
PuffinHLK: I AM ALWAYS UP FOR SOME SEX, :)
Juice47933: do me
Dankphunk3: any big breasted women in here?
Chopin24: Dank, I've got HUGE knockers.
Dmrxpx: 4 real??

continued on next page



by Gareth Edel

I am writing an *Omen* article, I missed the last issue, I am writing this after the deadline. I figure I should write something. It's the *OMEN*, so it doesn't have to be good. But it should be better than the crap in the *Forward*. I think that I shouldn't say that, I fall way short of that goal. So I warn you now that this is going to suck even worse than the shit in the *Forward*.

The topic this week is philosophy. Or maybe culture. Aww, shit, I hate picking what to write about. I can usually rip out a page or two of writing once I decide what to write about. I think that some of it may even be worth reading. Mostly not. But some is.

The last article I wrote was just an assortment of odds and ends that fell together. I could do that again. Maybe I should complain about sex again, that was the way I started the year, and I got responses. But do I really have anything interesting to add to my previous comments? I still think women should take more of a traditionally masculine role. I don't understand why girls don't ask boys out more often. But I got at that in my last commentary about sex, in a round about way. I could complain that I am not getting any. But neither are most of the guys and girls I know. This is a fact that continues to confuse me. How can 500 people, assuming about even sex ratios, all be complaining

Canned Ham continued

Chopin24: No kidding. They are enormous!
Dankphunk3: i like big hooters do you want to give me a call?
Chopin24: Dank, that depends... I'm looking for a meaningful relationship full of sharing and communication.
Dankphunk3: what are you wearing?
Chopin24: That's it, you guys are morons. I'm out of here.

What fucktards! How many hours must a gal spend to find a love as terrific as "KFCThigs"? Sigh. I guess if I want a real cyber-relationship, I have to work hard... and I'm just too lazy. Besides, do you know how many AOL chatrooms there are? Perhaps some of us were meant to die lonely. However, I encourage every last person at Hampshire College to seek out their own romance. Make your own website if you have to; it's not like the internet.

Meet the Candid Apes

about not finding the right person? Why not just find the right person? Or at least hook up with folks at a party. I don't really have any right to talk about this since I complain and am apathetic and uninvolved just like the rest of Hampshire. But I was just mentioning it to fill space.

I wonder why a valiant effort made by all those running for community council seats has led to those seats being filled by folks I don't know? I knew more than half of the candidates, and none of them won.

Oh, by the way, Anna Susman, Amy Moses, and Mohammed Abbadi won seats. And before you mention it, the fact that I know one of the alternates doesn't count.

So, I seem to be wandering from subject to subject again. Oh, well. **Yet again I will call for anything to be sent to me to write about in my articles.**

Save me from rambling on like this in the future and send me questions pertaining to health, community, and hell. I can try and answer questions about sex and shit. Or send me comments or opinions; it is a good way to get in the *OMEN* if you don't want to write a whole article. Send shit to box 1419. I will include it in the article as soon as possible. Questions can be as weird as you can make them. Please help me. Send stuff, I'll beg. Please. Pretty please. I'm begging.



Anna Susman



Amy Moses



Mohammed Abbadi

Photos submitted by Gareth Edel

Louse Motel Losers

by Gus Andrews

Despite all the yowling I do about Hampshire, I go out of my way to encourage prospectives I run into to come here. I spent much of Jan Term trying to persuade my younger sister Ariel to enroll. Ariel panicked and dropped out of USC early last fall. By the time I got home for break, she'd spent most of the semester stewing in a delightful cocktail of depression and bulimia.

I love Ariel dearly. Of my two sisters, she is more like me in the ways that feel most important — outspoken dissatisfaction with America as it stands, and faith that life could be better. Both of us tend towards depression. (As for me, I'm situationally depressed, so you'd think I wouldn't be as bad off as Ariel. Unfortunately, Hampshire appears to be the situation . . .)

For the most part, I think Ariel would do well here. She always wanted to be a farmer, and Hampshire is the only college I know of where you can learn to farm and still maintain your dignity. But eventually, as I found the remains of binges in toilet after toilet, I gave up on trying to sell Ariel on Hampshire.

Hampshire isn't safe for people who are depressed, suicidal, or have serious problems with substances or food. It's too bad. We seem to attract plenty of 'em. I'm sure I don't even know half of the suicide attempts that have happened since I've been here, but there were a few last semester. Then, of course, there's the stories about The Boy Who Committed Suicide On INTRAN and The Girl Who Jumped Off Dakin. (Ever wondered why there's those cages on Dakin's

fourth floor? Now you know. It's not just because they can't insure us if we start a hang gliding collective.)

It's too easy to slip into your room and disappear for weeks here. Think about it: As a Div I student, you check in with your advisor at the beginning of the semester, on the two exam-advising days, and maybe at the end of the semester. Between those days you take maybe four classes.

Or maybe you let a few or all of your classes slide, sitting in your room playing Doom/fucking/drinking/mainlining smack/cleaning obsessively/engaging in self-mutilation/oversleeping/curling up in the fetal position/trying to stop your significant other from doing the same. Does one of your professors let your advisor know you never show up/show up late? Do enough of them do it so your advisor sees a pattern? Will they wait until your problem has burned up an entire semester?

When you see your advisor, you sign a Div I proposal, which, like every other piece of paper that passes through your sticky little hands, is not binding. If you don't start your Div Is, does your advisor presume you're a slacker/overloaded, or does she wonder if something is wrong? Hell, is your advisor even informed about depression/eating disorders/learning disabilities/whatever's eating you?

Div II is even worse: two whole years (Heh heh. Two? When did I say I entered, F98? Back in F95, back in the day, we knew there was precedent for four-year Div IIs, and we aimed for it) to spin your wheels in your little rut, with even fewer checkpoints where people

might figure out you're not moving forward. I tell you, Div III is the only thing that saves me from the inertia of this two-bit louse motel. If I didn't have a weekly committee meeting, the EMTs would be cleaning up after one more suicide attempt.

I am not asking for advisors to be parents. It's crappy to have a parent on campus. My mom was a college counselor at my high school, and she gave me detention for going barefoot. It got so I would scheme ways to trade her for Frank, the janitor, whose only response to my bare feet was to yell "Hey, hippie!" when I ran by.

All I want is a little holism, thank you very much, a little more communication among the people who help us decode Hampshire. It would be nice to see a little responsibility from an institution which puts out such heavy Weirdo Pheromones. (A friend of mine suggests that Hampshire trades on the idea that our weirdo lives will be miraculously improved just by leaving traditional education . . . you decide.)

When I say the school should be responsible, I don't just mean helping advisors deal with unstable students, or hiring more (and more competent) shrinks. Lots of prospectives I talk to say they think Hampshire would give them enough rope to hang themselves. I'm not inclined to tell them otherwise. There is slack which Hampshire could pick up. If we're gonna be responsible for our education, maybe we should really be respon-

That's Our Gus!

sible for our decisions. Maybe a deadline should be a deadline, and the consequences for missing it real, rather than vague and unspecified. (Ooo. I bet by tomorrow my answering machine will be filled with hysterical laughter from my committee. . . .) Making a big, meaningful mistake is sometimes the right kind of shock for those of us bogged down in our own brains.

And for God's sake, someone should clean up the stupid redundancies and communication gaps which plague all of us, sane and loony both. I've had people explain to me that lessons in negotiating bureaucracy are necessary to a good education, but frankly, if I'd wanted to go to college at the DMV, I would have failed my driver's test repeatedly, on purpose.

Other Hampsters I've talked to, specifically some kids who were in a failed group independent study on alternative education with me during my first year, claim that even destructive mistakes (they specifically mentioned near-overdoses), can be useful learning experiences. I can't agree. I've always had a *Catcher In The Rye* sensibility, I guess: I don't think it's necessary for some poor kid to play his problems out to the point of destruc-

tion in order to learn.

Alternative education fans seem to assume that when a student does not appear in class it is because she has chosen not to. But the choices you make when you're mentally fucked can't really be considered reasonable. (My mother makes a distinction between Ariel and "Lester," an imaginary person inside Ariel who she blames when my sister has, say, eaten an entire pie.)

I don't mean to paint every bad decision a student makes as a symptom, and I'm not suggesting that we should start up with some grades-roll-call-sig-heil-Frau-Montessori!-routine, either. **Scores and attendance might make it clearer when a student is in trouble, but fuck 'em, we don't need no stinking SATs.**

What we need is more people like Herb Bernstein. (Yes, all professors should do their hair like Einstein's and wear Hawaiian shirts.) None of my Div Is went as smoothly as my NS, and it's all because of Herb.

When I first arrived at

Herb's office, I was in ruins, well through Div II with the remains of three botched NS attempts in my wake. Herb asked me all sorts of questions I didn't think were relevant—where I'd gone to school, what my parents did for a living, what journalism internships I'd done. It bugged me at the time that he was rambling. Later, I realized he was trying to get a sense of who I was and why I was panicking. Because Herb tried to figure me out, rather than settling me right down to a project, I ended up doing something I could sustain for more than a week.

Not that I think that Hampshire bureaucracy will suddenly work up a fantastic network of communication which will catch me before I find myself howling quietly and trying to claw my eyes out, with yet another chapter of my Div III overdue. In fact, I think this is less likely to happen as the college gets older and more senile and starts forgetting why it ever defined itself as different from other colleges. In fact, why don't we all go fill out some standardized bubble tests, just to end this ugly slide into crapulence.

As Josh Brassard used to say, Non Satis Thhhbpt.

CHUCK IS NAKED

by Caleb Chabot



Don't be Steve Dave

by Jessica Van Scoy

It's one in the morning and I'm sitting in a bus terminal awaiting my ride back home to Amherst from Albany. (What the hell is with this girl and bus terminals?) And why am I in Albany, you ask? Well, a little band called Dave Matthews has brought me here. (At the risk of being "called out" by one Mr. Hugo.) Moan if you must (I still haven't found a DMB fan on campus yet.) But they're good enough to get me to spend \$100 I don't have just to get a taste of them live—the way they were meant to be.

I originally wanted to have this article be a concert review. Hopefully, it still will be... but God, concerts really bother me. First of all—the waiting drives me mad. I waited like 4 1/2 hours to finally arrive at my shit seats. Did I mention I waited like 4 1/2 hours? And the whole time all I did was hate people. (Is that the only thing I know how to do?) Why, oh, why do people always dress up for these fucking things? The lights are going to be off—and you should be dancing, which will make you girls sweat all that batter off of your face. I even saw two girls who looked like Oompa Loompas, their make-up was so bad. (What do you get when you look like a.....SLUT?) Oh, yeah...and if that "dressing up for a concert" idea *actually* applies, this guy's bestest outfit included a gold chain and a t-shirt that said "Don't mess with the Mouse" (meaning, of course, Mickey, who was on the back doing his best impersonation of a ghetto playa.) There were also tons of people wearing Dave Matthew *outfits*. Call me dumb, but I actually cheered

when they told Gunner on PCU to not go to concerts with the band's t-shirt on. They put it simply: "Don't be that guy."

As soon as the lights dimmed, I got my ass out of row 8,284 and moved on up. Let me just tell you now, people get pissed when you sit in their seats. So, I had to move like 7 times before I finally found a spot that I blended into. Thank God security didn't ask to see my ticket. They were being assholes. They asked everyone around me for their tickets—and if they were in the wrong seats, would scream at them. They were evil, but they seemed to pass right over me—so I forgave them.

BélaFleck and the Flecktones opened. Don't even ask me who the hell they are...I have no clue. But they were really good. Very bluegrass-yish. But the bassist kept swinging his bass around his neck and doing all of these cheesy ass moves. I pointed and laughed for you all.

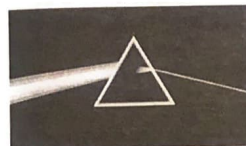
There were three couples standing in front of me making out, too. And I'm a pretty cool gal—I can handle PDA for about...um...three seconds before I pull out my uzi. It was horrible. I watched these 23-year old guys practically swallow these 13-year old sluts who had no idea what was going on. **I felt bad having to suffocate them with my scarf—it cost me ten fucking bucks to get that thing dry cleaned.**

The band finally appeared on stage. They are really good live. And Jessica likes to dance to their songs...so I definitely had a good

time. Not that I'm their #1 fan, though. I mean—some of their songs blow...especially on their new album. And why is it called *just the DAVE MATTHEWS.....(band)?* It puts the focus on him, rather than on the whole band. That pisses me off. So, now he's like this big posterboy. Grody. Oh, yeah, and people were actually hired to *hand* Matthews his guitar. Why don't they just breast feed him while they are at it? For the laid-back, cool-ass human beings they seem to come off as, they sure are catered to. Whatever....Jessica just likes to obsess.

Does anyone else realize how cheesy concerts are? The audience politely claps for the opening band, which sometimes can be better than the band that is playing. But when the "real" band comes onstage, they flip. Dave Matthews asked the audience how they were doing like 4 million times (or said the cliché "Hello, Albany!"), and each time, they cheered their stupid, pathetic little hearts out. It made me nauseous. My only comfort was imagining that, when the band huddled together, they were making fun of the crowd.

I even waited outside to be able to meet them. Like that would ever fucking happen. But, hey, I had five hours to kill. I made good friends with a couple of security guards, though. They really know their handcuffs. I finally returned to the bus station, exhausted and wet from the rain. And, you know, despite the people, I had a lot of fun. People always get in the way. Which, I guess, is why I write for the *Omen*. Proof for later on when the people ask why the Quasibomber committed such gruesome crimes....



by Michael "Benni" Pierce
Written under the Dark Side of the Moon

Do we ever truly appreciate and live life to its fullest?
Breathe, breathe in the air
Do we have the capacity to do such a thing?

Don't be afraid to care
Are there moments that we hate, but know that without them, we would be no better? Innocence is lost because we are anxious. Does life end because we never change?

And all you touch and all you see is all your life will ever be

Is it possible for the human mind to only concentrate on the here and now? Can we train ourselves to let the past be and the future become? To separate our intellect and our emotions?

You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today.

Never before has there been such a cry for the truth, for a meaning, for a notion of what we are. Pretending to know gets us nowhere while ignoring the topic altogether is futile.

The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older.

I sometimes forget what reason there is to live. If I were to be left with nothing but my life, and my life alone, would I still want to be?

Shorter of breath and one day closer to death

If I were to look at life as a continual passage into Death's savage heart, I think that I would rather not live, for living would be nothing more than waiting, bored, for something to kill me.

Forward he cried from the rear, and the front rank died

Loosely based, my life would yield no better motion picture than that of the condensed history of hair.

Pink's Message



And the General sat, and the lines on the map moved from side to side

Why is it that we are to consider each moment precious? Why do we honor painters and photographers for their ability to capture a moment? Why do writers get the credit for writing about immortal people that will never die, in a place that will never cease to exist, that is, until we do?

The time is gone the song is over, thought I'd something more to say.

In a museum, do you know why there are no paintings of people staring at paintings on the wall?

Us, and them, and after all we're only ordinary men

Answer: Because that moment, that time when someone is looking at paintings on the wall, is captured by you, when you choose to go to a museum and study the pieces. That moment is being framed by you. Paintings are meant to be seen, to be remembered, to be reminders of things that have happened and will happen, in order to make you live for the moment, in order to frame a moment like that for yourself.

For long you live and high you fly, but only if you ride the tide

Still, you wonder, why you should strive so hard to enjoy life if there is no meaning, no enlightened attitude to live by?

You fritter and waste the hours in an off hand way

As I have been saying, there is a simple answer—one that actually makes sense, if only you consider it, for more than a fleeting moment on this page.

And every day the paper boy brings more

Because you are in love with life, and it means more to you than meaning, more to you than death, more to you than enlightenment. Because to live and love is to be enlightened.

All that you touch, all that you see, all that you taste, all you feel

Fear not the future, put away the past, love the moment that is now, or forever regret it until your last.

All that you love, all that you hate, all you distrust, all you save

Never let the feeling die. Remember that to love life is to challenge yourself to give you the best life possible, and that without blood, sweat, and tears, what, but a rose, would taste any sweeter?

All that is now, all that is gone, all that's to come

Your life is your portrait. Do not leave behind an empty canvas, believing that this is a project that can wait. And use a variety of colors, including black, white, and a few shades of grey.

And everything under the sun is in tune, but the sun is eclipsed by the moon.

As a wise band once said, and I quote, "And if your head explodes with dark forbodings, too, I'll see you on the dark side of the moon." The dark side of the moon awaits those who wish to search their whole lives for meaning, to waste and flounder their time away in an attempt to change fate, leaving themselves behind, looking only to the past and the future for the answers, instead of just into their own "souls."

I have no reason to fear the dark side of the moon... I have no reason to fear death.



Christie Dribbles On

continued from page 5

tive, hands-on experience. I got rave reviews from every administrator, staff, parent, and student I presented this idea to. I worked to refine this idea and to secure participation for its implementation all spring and summer. Two days before the final schedule was printed I was informed that "it had been decided that we should just do a straight Q&A for that session." Why, I asked? "Because there wasn't really very good feedback for your proposal!"

Scenario Two: Last summer, for the first time ever, Hampshire required that students pay a \$140 fee (or some percentage of it based on financial aid) to attend the orientation program. However, Hampshire also insisted that the orientation program was mandatory. To the point that even if students called us and said they couldn't or wouldn't attend, strategies were devised for billing them for this money. It was my job to call students and their parents and explain that although orientation was a separate fee, it was a mandatory activity. They had no choice about paying this fee or attending orientation if they wanted to attend Hampshire. There are obvious problems with this set up. It's hard to tell students and their parents that at the most expensive school in the country we tack an extra fee on for what we consider to be a mandatory activity. Aaron Berman and I were meeting about something else and this subject came up. Aaron was not aware of the orientation fee until I began to speak of it. (This became a pattern later. Many administrators and key staff had not been made aware of the existence of the fee until I said something.) We began discussing the logistical nightmares this was creating and how inappropriate it is to charge extra money for something we expect all students to attend. Aaron was listing

his complaints and saying, "Well, when you talk to _____ tell him that I said, from the Dean of Faculty's office, _____." Later, it became clear to me that Aaron's assumption was that I was a recent graduate. When I set him straight and let him know I was still a full-time student, he was appalled. "They make a student call other students and force them to pay money! This is not OK. They make a student get the word out to the staff and administrators that this fee exists!! You don't tell them anything from this office. I'll tell them what I need to tell them. You need to go out and get yourself a union!"

Scenario Three: I had been working with little to no supervision all summer. (For those of you that don't know, 95% of the staff that are involved heavily in orientation are on 10 month contracts. This means that from the middle of June until the middle of August they're gone.) I had gotten things done. I had missed 2 days of work all summer, during the slowest part of Orientation planning. I had never been more than 5 minutes late to work. You get my point. Suddenly staff came back. Someone who had never before been someone I had to answer to insisted that I report to her every day and installed herself as my boss, so to speak. The next day I woke up sick. I was sick enough that even if I had been able to get to work, they wouldn't have wanted me there. I called the office I worked in and left a message with the woman who works in that office. I told her I was ill and asked her to pass the word along to anyone who came looking for me. I promised I would be in the next day. When I arrived the next day I was yelled at (yes, voice raised and all) and snapped at by this new "boss" for not calling her specifically and telling her I was sick and for being sick at all. Later that day she left a couple of times to get her kids and bring them places. Later that week she would not allow me to leave in order to pick up my boyfriend.

This was a pattern. Other staff took time off from Orientation and the heady two weeks that preceded it to attend a class, to pick up their children or eat dinner. I, however, got myself in hot water for being sick.

Scenario Four: I am the first to admit that in the three weeks leading up to new student orientation and the 9 days of new student orientation, anyone who is involved works hard, hard, hard. However, most of them get paid a fair wage. For SA staff, this is part of their job. They get paid reasonable adult-type wages and have vacations and benefits and all of those things. Students that come back early to do logistical tasks, like shopping and sorting, get paid a student wage to do these student-type jobs. I worked from the first of March and I worked at least 7 hours a week attending meetings and planning the things that needed to be planned. I did the leg work. Some weeks I did as many as 12 hours working on orientation. I worked until the day before graduation. I came back to work on June 2, and worked 40 hours a week until the first week of August. That week I worked 48. The next I worked 55 hours. The week after that I worked 59 hours ON-CAMPUS. However, because this position is so poorly defined and poorly instituted, many people viewed me as the place to spill their overload of work. People would come into my office, WHILE I WAS WORKING ON SOMETHING, and tell me to stop what I was doing and do what they needed me to do. Later in the day, I would get flak for not getting the thing I was originally working on done in time. People would come to me and say "I have a meeting in 10 minutes, can you type this up for me?" I would do it out of deferral to maintaining a good working relationship, but note, nowhere in the job description does it say that you are anyone's personal secretary. These same people would nod and smile as I explained that there was wrap up work

I needed to do on the schedule or the evening programs and that if I didn't do it nobody else would. And continue to nod and smile as they handed me a list of things to do that, as far as I knew, was part of THEIR responsibility. Because of this, during the week before orientation, in addition to working 60 hours in the office, I worked every night at home. My housemates helped me, each doing at least 6 hours of work that week. I did 10 hours of work at home that week. Additionally, during July and August, I frequently worked through my lunch hour. During Orientation there seemed to be no expectation that I would get any time off to eat. There are several things I would like to point out about this scenario. The first is that it became clear to me that it was imperative that I take on this level of responsibility, both to my employers and to the success of orientation. The second important note is that while I was taking on professional responsibility, in no way was I viewed as someone deserving professional respect. This is clear in different ways. For one, the fact that I was treated as someone that anyone else's overflow of work could spill down to made me feel, and I think allowed others to view me as a "student worker," rather than the Orientation Coordinator, much less the person who worked on orientation all summer while most of these staff were gone. That these staff felt it was OK to treat me as their personal assistant and secretary in one breath, and to reprimand me for not doing the jobs my job description said were in my purview in another breath, was an astonishing measure of this lack of professional respect. The other evidence of this lack of professional respect is simply the matter of my compensation. While other people were compensated appropriately for their efforts, I was paid for 40 hours a week of work starting on June 1, 1998 and ending on September 7, 1998. I was paid \$6.25 an hour. I was paid the same wage that my boyfriend was paid for working in Cole Science washing glass ware. I

was paid as if I was merely a summer worker working in someone's office performing clerical tasks. There is a basic issue of respect here. If you ask someone to take on professional responsibility and to work in a paraprofessional job, you have to pay them according to that and not pay them as if they were just some random student doing unskilled work.

So end the true scenarios from the mouth of the first Orientation Coordinator. Am I done yet? No. There are issues here. I want you all to know that I accepted this job and I did it with all of its flaws and horrors. I have no regrets. I behaved as a professional even in the face of not being given basic professional respect in many cases. I took this job knowing what was expected of me and knowing what the compensation would be. **I can't complain about those things, but I can complain about them on the behalf of whoever gets this job next.**

Compensation: I was paid a lump sum of \$4000 over the duration of the summer. I don't know what they are offering this summer's orientation coordinator but I know what they should be offering. This is highly skilled work we are talking about here. Lifeguards get paid \$8 per hour because they are trained professionals. So is the person that could have any hope of doing this job well. I think that this position should be paid at \$8 an hour for each and every hour worked, or should be paid a lump salary of no less than \$6000. Particularly since they are demanding that for this year, the person who takes this job hold no other job.

This job is a good leadership opportunity and I took it for all it was worth. In addition to all of that, though, it's more. It's also Hampshire's way of dealing with the fact that they don't allocate enough money to orientation, yet

they need for it to be a comprehensive, well-planned and implemented program in order to keep attrition from being our downfall financially. Hampshire refuses to pay the money to have a decent orientation program (oh, did I mention that if you take this job, you'll have to plan and implement 5-7 nights of programming for anywhere from 200-400 students for less than what most of Hampshire's single, large events cost? That's all that's budgeted.) but Student Affairs knows how badly we need to have a better than decent program. The pressure falls on whoever takes this job to put out.

It's a bad situation at best. On top of that, I hope it's clear to you that the position is defined badly. When it says things like "assorted administrative tasks" or "other duties as assigned" it's leaving things vague for a reason. Because there is no full-time staff person devoted to orientation, the staff that do work on Orientation need a place to dump the work they can't take on so that they can do their other jobs. That was me. And even the parts of the job that are defined clearly are interpreted differently by different people and they WILL use that to their advantage and to your disadvantage.

Issues of fair compensation aside, it's not that a student can't do this work, it's that no student should have to work under these conditions. No student should be asked to work for months without any direct supervision or guidance in dealing with the money issues, politics, decision making, and all of the elements of orientation that just go awry because they are left un-dealt with from year to year, and then, at the last minute, be disempowered and disrespected and asked to do the impossible.

I have spoken extensively with both Bob Sanborn and Mary Hulbert about my concerns about this position. I spoke to them about how uncomfortable I am with the thought of another student being asked to do this work, the

continued on page 22

continued from page 21

need to compensate fairly, the need for increased respect and for consistency in how independent and closely supervised this student will be. I made it clear that I would not support this position being repeated unless major changes were made to the job description. I felt these were strong comments to be taken seriously since I was the first and only student to have ever performed this job. But I can tell you, there have been no significant changes to the job description. I can only assume there have been no changes made to the actual working conditions.

If you are interested in this position because you think it will be fun, I urge you to reconsider. If you are interested in this job because you think it will be an interesting challenge, I urge you to reconsider. If you are interested in this job because you want a leadership opportunity that will allow you to work closely with students and staff and faculty, I urge you to reconsider. Although the job is all of these things, it is a host of negative things as well and those negatives are so powerful as to outweigh almost all of these positives. In particular, if you are interested in this job because you need to make money this summer I would insist that you consider that you can probably make just as much or more money working a regular old job, and have a life besides. If you have already applied and are thinking of accepting the job I say two things to you: first, please speak with me before you do. There's so much more I can tell you, and none of it is good news. Second, please consider how hard it is to be asked to behave as a professional but to not be treated as one. That is what is expected of you. If you have accepted the job, then take Aaron Berman's advice, and get yourself a union.

Anybody who wants further inside information can contact me at x5295.

Sincerely,
Christie Veitch

Psycho-Killer

by Aemily Reshen

Like a lot of people on campus, I've been sick. Really sick. I think I've left my mod three times in the last week. And those times were only to go to Health Services, to the pharmacy, and to take out some trash for my mod. (Don't I live with kind bastards?) I have been trapped in my room for too long. My small room. My VERY small room. Let's face it - A 9ft by 11ft* room just isn't that big. I have cabin fever. I have been in my room, plotting against all of you who I hate. (Read: Aemily has gone crazy and you should fear her, ESPECIALLY IF YOU STILL HAVEN'T BROUGHT HER SALT YET!!!!) I've plotted against the new \$20 bills. I've plotted against those damned edited-for-TV movies. I've plotted against all of you out there who overpopulate this planet. Use a fucking condom for Christ sake. Don't you know that your children are will be ugly?? Sterilize yourselves now and get it over with. I've plotted against all those pretentious Goths out there. I've plotted against The Omen who FUCKED up my article last week, and who STILL hasn't responded to my nasty e-mail. I've plotted against rectal thermometers. I've plotted against the assholes in my mod. Ooops, I didn't write that last one—they might read this. No wait, they're illiterate fucks.

I've plotted against Stupid Politically Correct Anal Assholes that won't let anyone tell a fucked-up joke. I've plotted against the evil, nasty, HAIRY, grimy, sperm-infested washing machines and dryers in Prescott. I've plotted against those of you who REPEATEDLY don't wear deodorant to class. Look you freakin' hippies: You are invading my olfactory sense's personal space. I started plotting against the White Republican Male, and then I realized that I'd rather plot against the stupid "liberals" who are "liberals" because they go to Hampshire and have nothing better to do. Get your own fucking opinion, not based on what your friends think or what Jerry Garcia thinks. Try reading a non-bleeding-heart-liberal book—you might even find out that you LIKE capitalism. I've plotted against those of you who think paragraphs are necessary. I've plotted against whatever creature stole my turtle, Foo-Foo, who was sunbathing on a patch of grass outside my house, some thirteen years ago. I've plotted against Velveta cheese. I've plotted against those of you who were supposed to bring me Jell-O and didn't. I've plotted against the squirrel that keeps waking me up at six in the morning because his tail is thumping against the screen on my window. I've plotted against the Lifetime Network for making me watch their Made-For-T.V. movies. I've plotted against TheraFlu for making their product so addictive. I've plotted against . . . wait . . . I'm sorry, I have better things to do—this article is over.

*Numbers may not be very accurate. Ahhh, fuck it, I pulled those numbers out of my ass.

Why are You Such a Stupid Asshole? Let Me Tell You How

by Mark Hugo

There's a common misconception perpetrated by Hampshire admissions. I like to call it the "Hampshire is a pipeline into the film industry" myth. It may be the case that many Hampshire film students go on to film industry careers after college but that has everything to do with their own personal choices and very little to do with the fact that they went to Hampshire. I personally find it surprising that anyone could leave this campus with the needed skills to get a job. This is due to the fact that we have many self directed students on this campus. Self-directed out of necessity, since if you don't teach yourself 80% of what you need to know, there will be huge gaps in your education. Why we spend so much to teach ourselves, I'll never know. Unfortunately, that's a topic for another article.

After being at Hampshire for a year or two (or maybe even a day or two, depending on how dedicated you are to believing "admissions" propaganda) you've got to ask yourself one pivotal question: Where the hell does the film department get their pompous ass, elitist attitude? I'm not going to reduce to specific instances of egomaniacal bullshit (that would degrade into what

would seem as mudslinging). Rather, it's the underlying, ridiculous notion that Hampshire film is the greatest because of its supposed "vision", "cutting edge style" and "non-mainstream" leanings.

Here's an easy way to describe our film school.

- 1) It's filled to the brim with pompous elitist, little Mr. Joey Dickheads (refer to last week's Omen article "Don't Be Mr. Joey Dickhead").
- 2) All those mentioned in point #1 think they are open-minded individuals.
- 3) If you doubt #2, refer to #1.

The basic problem is that if you have any interest in anything other than self-reflexive, masturbatory, self-absorbed, personal films you are immediately deemed a "sell-out." And God help you if you want to work in the entertainment industry (I'm using a loose definition: anything that is product meant for a larger audience than an art community). Sure, it's OK (just barely, though) to be interested in working for the film industry in order to pay for your "serious work." As if creating a good story that people enjoy isn't a laudable goal, no matter how large or small your audience might be. Just make sure you don't let anyone think that you enjoy working for a living. You can never be

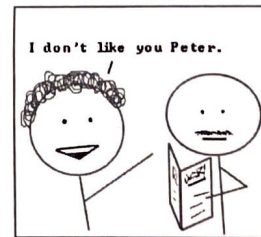
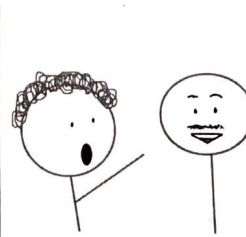
White Trash SATURDAY

fulfilled doing anything that makes money. Instead, pump up your ego by doing projects that only you and a dozen others can identify with or appreciate.

Remember, it's not that your work sucks, it's that the rest of the world is so intellectually underdeveloped. And remember, above all else, never just like a movie. You must "appreciate" it on more levels. This will convince you and all that associate with you that you are deep. If you ever see an advertisement for a movie that can be categorized as a genre film (action, sci-fi, thriller, porn, etc.) begin foaming at the mouth and spewing regurgitated liberal monkeyshit such as: this is another example of the comatose state of popular culture...all these films do is endlessly and mindlessly repeat their themes. Then go and watch *Man with a Movie Camera* for the umpteenth time in your life. Then watch it again just to see if you missed anything you can pretentiously dabble on about. Or make it up. No one can tell. Feel good about yourself. You are better than everyone else. Your "art" is just misunderstood.

CHUCK IS NAKED

by Caleb Chabot and Doug M.



Rick and SAURUS FEMME FATALES

CHAPTER TEN
FATHER AND SON

XC
99

